

Blue Bill

December 1956



IN THIS ISSUE . . .

<i>News and Features</i>	<i>Page</i>
Boar's Head Festivities—Shirly Shipp ..	3
Other Christmas Celebrations—Susan Sharpe	3
"A Year to Remember"—Gloria Griffith	4
College Entrance Examination—Margaret Wright	4
Queens in the Carrousel—Jo Holland ..	4
December Convocations—Alice Chatham	5
Tapping Ceremonies—Alice Chatham ..	5
Dolphin Club Elects New Members—Gloria Griffith	5
Freshman Assembly Programs—Stella Dross	5
Mrs. Cumming Attends Convention—Margaret Wright	6
Chapters Begin Active Work—Carolyn Heffner	6
Inter-Dorm Contest—Cynthia Parker ...	6
Committee Arranges Exhibit—Carolyn Heffner	6
Girls Are Selected for <i>Who's Who</i> —Carolyn Heffner	7
Organ Recital—Anna Royer—Margaret Wright	7
Visiting Psychology Professor—Alice Chatham	23
Queens Centennial Ball—Stella Dross..	23

Editorials

From the quill	
Coordinating Council Flier—Shirly Shipp	8
Tempus Fugit—Betsy Goodykoontz ..	8
A New Infirmary—Gloria Griffith ..	9

Essays

The Aims of a College Education—Mary Ann Brown	9
Yes, I Am a Savoyard—Sharlene Morris ..	11
My Lake Murray Home After a Rain—Sarah Ann Smith	11
Twentieth-Century Living—Betsy Goodykoontz	11
A Mountain Walk—Sarah Ann Smith ..	12
Egyptian-Israeli Conflict—Sarah Ann Smith	13
World War III?—Elaine Matalas	13
A Young Heart, A Stormy Night—Betsy Goodykoontz	15

Browsing (book reviews)

Worth Your While—Gary Brady	10
<i>A Journey to Greatness</i> —Margaret Wright	10
<i>The Genius and the Goddess</i> —Sharlene Morris	10

Poetry

Darkness and Light—Austin Simpson ..	16
Three Songs of Thanksgiving—Mary Allred	17
Love's Request—Louise Robertson	18
The Moon and Venus—Louise Robertson	18
The God I Claim—Carolyn Heffner ...	18
To Charles—Laura Prince	19
The Wanderer—Louise Robertson	19
Winter's Coronation—Louise Robertson..	20
The Long Wait—Mary Stenhouse	21
Death's Bride—Nancy Chapman	22
Sweet William—Beverly Harris	22

Short Stories

Christmas Miracle—Sarah Ann Smith ..	24
The Lily—Shirly Shipp	27
Christmas With Tommy—Elaine Matalas	29

The Blue Quill DEC., 19

Editor-in-Chief Shirly Shipp

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Mary Ann Brown
 Advertising Manager Barbara White
 Advertising Manager Assistant Stella Dross
 Circulation Manager Rebecca Price
 Activities Manager Alice Chatham

LITERARY STAFF

Editor Sarah Ann Smith
 Short Story Editor Laura Prince
 Poetry Editor Sharlene Morris
 Book Review Editor Gary Brady
 Contributors Mary Allred, Mary Ann Brown, Nancy Chapman, Betsy Goodykoontz, Gloria Griffith, Beverly Harris, Carolyn Heffner, Elaine Matalas, Sharlene Morris, Laura Prince, Louise Robertson, Shirly Shipp, Austin Simpson, Sarah Ann Smith, Mary Stenhouse, Margaret Wright.

NEWS STAFF

Editor Patsy Smith
 Reporters: Alice Chatham, Stella Dross, Gloria Griffith, Carolyn Heffner, Jo Holland, Cynthia Parker, Margaret Wright.
 Photography Editors Betty McGeachy, Libby Sproul

MAKE-UP STAFF

Editor Susan Sharpe
 Assistants Nelda Clements, Jane Kluttz
 Staff Artist Jane Currie
 Advisors Miss Laura Tillett, Miss Mildred Miscally, Dr. L. Harris Chewning

Boar's Head Festivities

Colorful Ritual Annually Observed

Queens students will celebrate the twenty-second annual Boar's Head Dinner on December 17. Originating in early England, this celebration was first observed at Queens in 1934. The Boar's Head Procession of 1956 will be: Peggy Lakenan, Boar's Head Bearer; Nelda Clements, Reader; Hannah Barron, Canestick Bearer; Evelyn Christopher and Anna McAlpin, Trumpeters.

Although many schools and colleges have clung to the boar's head tradition, Queens College, Oxford, has probably celebrated the feast for the longest period of time. This institution has observed the boar's head ceremony for five hundred years. To begin the celebration, a procession of the Provost and the Fellows enter the dining hall. Then a large boar's head adorned with a cross, small banners, garlands of laurel, rosemary, and mistletoe is carried into the room. After being announced by trumpets, three bearers bring the boar's head in on a tray. As the procession enters the hall, the students rise and sing a carol: "Bringing in the Boar's Head," the words of which are:

Caput apris deferro
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head in hande bear I,
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merely,

Qui estis in convivio.

The boar's head I understand
Is the chefe service in this lande.
Looke wherer it be fande

Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lords, both more or lesse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To cheer you all this Christmase,
The boar's head with mustarde.

The history of the ceremony dates from the pre-Christian era. During the winter solstice the Druids slew a boar and presented its head with sacrificial



Christopher Barron Lakenan Clements McAlpin

rites to Freya, goddess of peace and plenty. The Christmas feasts were begun in medieval days with the carrying in of the boar's head which usually was the main course of the meal. Preceded by musicians and candlebearers, the chief cook carried in the roasted boar's head, which was adorned with laurel and rosemary, and had either a lemon or an apple in its mouth.

The institution of the boar's head ceremony is explained by an ancient legend. Approximately five hundred years ago a student of Queens College, Oxford, was walking over Shotover Hill. He was in deep concentration while reading a book of Aristotle. Suddenly the student was attacked by a wild boar. In self-defense the youth thrust his book down the beast's throat. The boar strangled and died. The student triumphantly carried the boar's head back to the college.

Queen Victoria celebrated the old English custom. She ordered that her Christmas dinner begin with the bringing in of the boar's head. The ceremony

was performed with the dignity and pomp of the ancient occasion.

At Queens the ceremony of the boar's head is traditionally held in Morrison dining hall on the night before Christmas vacation begins. The students, faculty and their wives, and guests of the college are invited to attend the event.

Other Christmas Celebrations

On Tuesday, December 18, the annual White Gift service will be held in Belk Chapel, and on December 16, Christmas Vespers will be presented. Participating in this program will be the Queens College Choir, directed by John Holliday; Mrs. Jane Rolandi, of the Music Department; and a small Chamber Orchestra conducted by Robert Snyder, also of the Music Department.

"A Year To Remember"

GLORIA GRIFFITH

November 10 was a red letter day on the calendar of centennial events for Queens College, for it was the day on which the movie "A Year to Remember," based on campus life, was first released. The presentation of this film was another significant event which helped Queens observe its one hundredth birthday. For many months the students, faculty, and friends of the institution had been aware of the film's developments and the finished product was of interest to all.

Many persons took an active part in making the film available. Produced by two of the staff members of WBTV, Dan Givan and Nat Tucker, the movie is a gift to the college by the Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Company. The Charlotte Chamber of Commerce took an active part in assisting in the filming of the movie. An official of radio station WBT and general chairman of the centennial committee for the Chamber of Commerce, Kenneth I. Tredwell, made many arrangements for the filming. Collaborating with him was H. H. Everett, a trustee and former acting president of Queens College. Mr. Givan and Mr. Tucker were in charge of all photography and cinematography. Miss Mildred Miscally, Director of Public Relations at Queens, incorporated her firsthand knowledge of student life, sports, traditions, special events, and academic program, and wrote the script. On October 31, Clyde McClain, who is connected with

WBTV, flew to Washington to record the script. Here the background music was set on the track. Back in Charlotte the Queens College Choir recorded the new Queens hymn which was used in a portion of the sound film. There are, of course, many other persons who have given much of their time and efforts to make the film a success and a credit to Queens College. The result was the combined efforts of many interested contributors.

Since the film had its first showing on November 10 in the Ninniss Auditorium, it has been released to various groups. The Civic Clubs which held their meetings on the campus during November 12-19 were given an opportunity to view the film and by so doing to get a glimpse of the main events that take place in a typical year at Queens College. Through this film they had a clearer understanding of the aims of the college, the role that Queens College as a liberal arts institution for women plays in Charlotte, and its relationship to various organizations in the city and the state and the country.

Later in the school year 1956-1957 a television show will be presented by WBTV. At this time "A Year to Remember" will be shown, and thousands of home viewers will see what constitutes the Queens College that the students, faculty, and alumnae will never forget.

College Entrance Examination

Queens College was officially admitted to membership in the College Entrance Examination Board at the meeting of that board on October 31, 1956. The purpose of this organization is to study and devise effective tests for prospective college students and to handle the details that are involved in the administration of these tests. Queens now has the privilege of participating in the work and experimentation carried on by this organization of colleges. Although incoming students have been advised to take these tests in previous years, they are now required to take the scholastic aptitude test of the College Board before being accepted for admission at Queens. This will contribute to the stabilization of the school's admission policy and will aid in maintaining a high academic standing.

Dr. Phyllis Stevens has been engaged in the correlation of grades made by last year's freshmen and their scholastic aptitude scores; she is also correlating their high school grades with the aptitude scores. This study is being made in order to determine the minimum which a student may score on the scholastic aptitude test and be capable of doing work at Queens. These findings will be sent to the College Board to increase the data with which they work in the development of a successful testing program.

—M. W.

Queens in the Carrousel

The annual Carrousel parade was held Thanksgiving Day in Charlotte. Queens College was represented in the parade by a number of floats suggestive of Queens life and its history. Several girls were selected from the college to be on the floats during the parade and to help represent Queens. The Queens girls were among the selected queens and princesses from all over the state who were representing certain towns and organizations.

There was a series of four floats in the parade presenting transportation and its progress. The first of the series was the horse and buggy, then came the early automobiles of up to the present day automobiles, and airplanes.

Next came a series on the phases of college life. In this group were representations of music, the sciences, great books, and drama. In this series on college life there were floats about the college sororities.

Six scenes represented Queens College itself. These scenes portrayed the history of the college for the past hundred years and played up particular highlights during the year as a feature of Queens' Centennial Year.

—J. H.

December Convocations

The Centennial convocations of December emphasized the relationship of the college to the Presbyterian Synods of North Carolina and South Carolina with which the college is affiliated.

On Sunday morning, December 9, students and faculty members attended one of the seven Charlotte churches which had their beginnings on the Queens campus. These churches are: Myers Park Methodist (1925), Myers Park Presbyterian (1926), Selwyn Avenue Presbyterian (1941), Myers Park Baptist (1943), Trinity Presbyterian (1951), Christ Lutheran (1954), and

Westminster Presbyterian (moved to Queens campus in 1955).

Sunday evening the student body was invited to attend the convocation at the Myers Park Baptist Church at 8:00 p.m. The speaker was Dr. James A. Jones, President of Union Theological Seminary in Richmond and a member of the Board of Trustees of our college.

The following Monday, December 10, a convocation was held in Belk Chapel. The speaker at this time was Dr. Huston Smith, associate professor of philosophy, Washington University in St. Louis.

—A. C.

Tapping Ceremonies

Two significant chapel programs have recently taken place—tappings into Valkyrie and Alpha Kappa Gamma. Membership in Valkyrie is based upon outstanding leadership and citizenship exhibited by freshmen, although they are not tapped until the beginning of their sophomore year. Valkyries usher at different college functions. Out-going Valkyries—Julia Rolston, Hobby Abernethy, Blue Calhoun, Mary Lynn Gregg, Susan Sharpe, and Betsy Goodykoontz—selected the following six girls for membership in Valkyrie this year: Nancy

Browning, Frances DeArmon, Jerry Hoke, Jane Kluttz, Betty Neal, and Laura Prince.

The purpose of Alpha Kappa Gamma is to recognize campus leaders. It is a regional honorary leadership fraternity for women—juniors, seniors, and recognized leaders among alumnae and faculty. Those tapped at the recent ceremony include: Evelyn Christopher, Evelyn Copelan, Mary Miller, Patsy Smith, Betsy Goodykoontz, Roxana Mebane, and Mrs. Alice Barron.

—A. C.

Dolphin Club Elects New Members

The Dolphin Club began its activities for the year with a splash as it elected fourteen new members who exhibited skills in swimming that would do credit to even a channel swimmer. These newly appointed members, fourteen out of the twenty-eight who tried out, were judged on their ability to perform such feats as the front crawl, side and breast stroke, skulling, floating, treading water, front somersault, the front dive and surface dive, plain kick, back dolphin, and leg ballet. Those who passed on all these points were Judy Smith, Ann Balenger, Beth McNair, Ann Holswade, Linden Spann, Carolyn Osborne, Pat Wellman, Lynn Armstrong, Phyllis

Merry, Marie Rourk, Katherine Woods, Linda Reed, Kathy Klick, and Dottie Wells.

Last year's members, along with the newly-elected members, are busy practicing every first and third Wednesday night to become even more expert in the strokes. They are also planning several projects which will interest all Queens students. Queens students are proud of the Dolphin Club and the progress it has made in its three years of existence. Everyone anticipates a spring show that will be as spectacular as the two in the past. The Dolphin Club has earned its excellent reputation.

—G. G.

Freshman Assembly Programs

On Mondays and Thursdays between October 4 and November 5, freshmen were presented a series of assembly programs on the topic of personal care and development. The topic was discussed and presented by students, members of the faculty, a minister, a doctor, and two specialists. Each discussed one of the three aspects of personal care and development: physical, mental, and spiritual. The purpose of the discussions was to incite students to employ better personal habits and to instruct them in the preparation for post-college life.

The series was introduced by Dr. Lawrence Stell, minister of Trinity Presbyterian Church, who discussed emotional security for college freshmen. In his discussion Dr. Stell stressed the fact that most of the problems of Queens freshmen are normal and are typical of all college freshmen. Later in the series Dr. Stell presented another program, which was entitled "Preparation for Marriage." In this talk he stressed the spiritual and emotional preparedness of both partners as an essential in planning for marriage.

Later in the series of assemblies the same topic was discussed, but from a different viewpoint, by Dr. Patricia Lawrence. The local obstetrician emphasized the importance of preparation and examination in the physical aspects of marriage. In her program she devoted twenty minutes of the period to lecture and the remaining ten minutes to questions from the students.

Mrs. Magher and Miss Garrett presented in the series two programs on personal appearance. A discussion of good posture by Mrs. Magher and an outline of good grooming, diet, and oral hygiene habits made up the first program. The second was presented in the form of a mock fashion show, the purpose of which was to encourage discretion in dress and mannerisms. Faculty members and students served as models.

"Health versus Activity" was the title of a talk by Miss Albright in freshman assembly. In the discussion she urged a proper balance between personal health care and campus activities. Miss Albright's talk was followed by a discussion of sleep and relaxation led by Miss

(Continued on page 6)

INTER-DORM CONTEST

Students are showing increased interest as the competition continues in the clean-up contest between the dormitories. A secret committee composed of nine students and Miss Elizabeth Garrett of the home economics department who is acting as chairman, checks the dormitories at various hours. The qualities which are looked for are: an overall appearance of cleanliness, lack of dust, properly made beds, clothes put away, drawn curtains over the closet door, closed drawers, clean floor and rug, absence of appliances, a clean bathroom, and a neat desk.

For each item that measures up satisfactorily, one point is given and the person checking turns in a list of the six highest ranking rooms, with the exception of Morrison and Watkins where only the four top rooms are noted.

The scores are tabulated and the five rooms with the highest over-all rating will be awarded special privileges the week after the students return from Thanksgiving holidays. At the end of the semester the best dormitory will be selected, and a prize of thirty-five dollars will be awarded to that dormitory.

—C. P.

FRESHMAN

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS (Cont.)

Maples. Miss Maples discussed these two factors as essential points to good study and good health. Health was further discussed in three more of the freshman programs. Dr. Kingsley MacDonald conducted a program on cancer and on the use of antibiotics. Dr. Glasgow, the school physician, discussed the common cold—its care and prevention. The final program in the entire series was conducted in the form of a panel made up of Ann Stevens, Betty Floyd, Dottie Wells, and Sue Griffin. The panel discussed the importance of having immunization shots, proper nutrition, proper care and exercise of the body, and the health hazards of college life.

Students who participated in the freshman assembly series by introducing the speakers were Mary Miller, Rebecca Price, and Evelyn Christopher.

—S. D.

6—THE BLUE QUILL

CHAPTERS BEGIN ACTIVE WORK

A new alumnae chapter of Queens College has been formed in Charleston, South Carolina, with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm among its members. An organizational meeting which President and Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Alice Barron, Alumnae Secretary, attended was held in Charleston on September 28. Dr. Walker spoke to the group about some of the history of the college, events of the Centennial year, and other topics concerning various phases of the college life. Special guests at the dinner meeting included three mothers of present Queens students: Mrs. H. T. Danielsen of Charleston, Mrs. J. W. Chapman of Walterboro, and Mrs. J. M. Spann of Moncks Corner.

The group held another meeting on November 9 at which time the members worked on such matters as selecting a name, electing officers, and adopting a Constitution. The boundaries have not yet been determined, but information

has been given to the towns of Bluffton, Charleston, Estill, McClellanville, Moncks Pleasant, Moncks Corner, Ridgeland, South George, Summerville, Walterboro, Varnville, and Yemassee.

In addition to this new chapter, active work has been begun in the Raleigh alumnae group. Several years ago this chapter raised the money necessary to install the first of modern baths in the dormitories. This action aroused the interest of officials who promoted the extension of the modern facilities in all of the residence halls.

The chapter hopes to include nearby towns such as Chapel Hill, Durham, Garner, Kenly, Wake Forest, Wendell, and Wilson. It plans another meeting to be held in November or early December.

The Alumnae Office of Queens is working with these two groups and is optimistic about their future success.

—C. H.

COMMITTEE ARRANGES EXHIBIT

The Exhibit Committee of the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Alumnae Chapter of Queens College has arranged an exhibit in South Parlor of Burwell Hall in observance of the Centennial Year. The exhibit is composed of keepsakes and relics of students and friends of the college from past years.

Showcases house the articles which have been sent by many alumnae. Such things as diplomas, certificates of award, honors, costumes of certain eras, catalogs, programs of special occasions such as commencement, textbooks, popular music and musical programs, newspaper clippings, feature stories, photographs, and others are on display. The exhibit is for the enjoyment of alumnae, friends, and students.

The committee heading the project included Mrs. Wyss L. Barker, Mrs. Georgie Spratt Grey, and Mrs. J. M. Renfrow.

—C. H.

Mrs. Cumming Attends Convention

Mrs. William P. Cumming recently attended the annual meeting of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association held in Atlanta, Georgia, during the weekend of November 23-25. This organization is composed of professors of English and modern languages in the South who meet for discussion of teaching methods and the presentation of papers dealing with research on topics pertinent to the group.

Discussions were held within the separate divisions of languages, English and American literature, and freshman English. Mrs. Cumming participated in the panel "Perspectives on Freshman English" in which she described the peculiar needs of the woman student who takes this course. Her husband, Dr. Cumming, of the Davidson faculty, is the president of this association.

—M. W.

Girls Are Selected for Who's Who

An anonymous faculty-student committee recently selected ten Queens College Seniors for nomination to *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities*. The qualifications considered for each selection were those accumulated over a four-year period in leadership, including unselfishness; scholarship, that which is high enough for the student to hold an office; character, including co-operative and positive leadership; and promise of future usefulness.

The girls chosen to represent Queens College in the 1956 edition of the book were Joyce Alexander, Mary Ann Brown, Evelyn Christopher, Evelyn Copelan, Betty Danielsen, Carolyn Heffner, Mary Miller, Martha Stone, Jean Trueworthy, and Margaret Wright.

The faculty-student committee is composed of seven members and is appointed for a one-year term. The members can select from six to ten girls for nomination, the number varying according to the population of the college.

—C. H.



Joyce Alexander



Mary Ann Brown



Evelyn Christopher



Evelyn Copelan



Betty Danielsen



Carolyn Heffner



Mary Miller



Martha Stone



Jean Trueworthy



Margaret Wright

Anna Royer

ORGAN RECITAL

On Sunday, November 18, the second in a series of recitals on the Belk organ was presented by Anna Royer, pianist at the Myers Park Baptist Church in Charlotte. Miss Royer, a native of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, received her Bachelor of Music degree in organ at Westminster Choir College, Princeton, New Jersey, and did graduate work at

the University of Iowa. She has been at the Myers Park Baptist Church for four years.

Her program included selections by four Baroque composers: Le Bugue, Buxtehude, Kellner, and J. S. Bach.

—M. W.

from the quill

SHIRLY SHIPP

Congratulations must be extended to the members of Coordinating Council for another of their fine contributions to Queens—this time the greatly improved *Flier*. A problem that has long beset the campus has been the difficulty of communication. Formerly students have had to contend with a necessarily jumbled bulletin board, attend countless 1:10 meetings, and juggle an already-crowded schedule. Now, with the advent of the new *Flier*, all activities, projects, and meetings are scheduled and coordinated into the school

schedule.

Special bouquets must be given to those who have made this new *Flier* such a success. The members of the Coordinating Council committee—Evelyn Copelan, chairman, Margaret Wright, and Mary Miller—conferred with Miss Miscally who suggested make-up ideas. Special mention should go to Evelyn Copelan, who is the compiler and editor of all the material, and Betty McGeachy, who is the

BETTY GOODYKOONTZ

One of the gravest problems on Queens campus is the problem of time. No matter how much a student tries to budget her time efficiently, she inevitably finds that she cannot get everything accomplished. The serious aspect of the problem is that it is studying that must be neglected. For the student who wishes to learn while she is in college, this is indeed a serious problem.

It seems that we have forgotten the primary purpose of a college education. We place entirely too much emphasis on extracurricular activities; consequently, studying and learning are forgotten. If Queens is to live up to the full height of her original purpose, she must realize that organ recitals and lengthy formal dinners are far less important than intellectual growth and physical health.

Extracurricular activities on a college campus are and should be an important phase of every student's life. Engaging in non-academic affairs is relaxing and stimulating to social development. This is not the case at Queens, however. If a student here indicates interest in a particular activity and if she becomes involved in that one activity, she soon realizes that she has blindly walked into utter chaos. Her life is no longer her own; it belongs to committees and councils which meet frequently and at great length and seldom accomplish anything. She finds that by the time she has finished going to classes, compulsory convocations, and committee meetings she has only two or three hours a day left for studying. Sleep is a thing of the past. She is lucky if she finds as much as five or six hours a night for sleep. She loses weight and becomes nervous and irritable. If this is college education, we would be better off in the bliss of ignorance.

On the other hand, there is the student who realizes the

8-THE BLUE QUILL



COORDINATING COUNCIL FLIER

TEMPUS FUGIT

snare and pitfalls of the extracurricular activity and avoid becoming involved. This girl is sneeringly called "a cold intellectual." We seem to forget that it takes many kinds of individuals to form a realistic society. Queens is turning out graduates who are hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, who are underweight from racing to three different meetings in one hour, who are well-versed in the art of parliamentary procedure, and who know a minimum about history, psychology, English, or life.

The strain of such a hectic existence is beginning to show. There are growing undercurrents of tension and dissatisfaction among the student body. The students feel that it is not fair for them to be expected to achieve scholastic superiority, to become leaders in the most vital extracurricular activities, and to attend every Centennial program.

Queens is faced with a problem of grave import, and it is time for us to wake up to reality and realize our predicament. We need to stop and engage in some serious self-analysis. The students must evaluate the ridiculous complexity of extracurricular activities and strive for some coordination and simplification of non-academic affairs. We must find out whether our countless committee meetings are really accomplishing anything worthwhile. We need to find out where our valuable time is spent and how it is spent. The administration must come to the realization that it cannot expect both higher academic standards and perfect student attendance at every Centennial function. We, the students, ask the faculty to sympathize with our exhaustion and our half-prepared assignments. Perhaps with some help and understanding, the students at Queens can escape the tragedy of four wasted years.

In planning future improvements for the campus, the administration of Queens College has overlooked the foremost need, the need for a new infirmary. A fine arts building, library, a dormitory, and sorority houses—these are some of the buildings which are expected to be completed within the next few years. That these buildings are needed is an accepted fact; however, little consideration has been given to the great need for a new infirmary. The inadequacies and inconveniences of the present infirmary should stimulate the leaders of the college to make concrete plans along these lines.

There are several points which, substantiated by facts, prove that the infirmary is unable to meet the needs of the students. The first and most obvious point is the limited space. About the size of the largest sorority house, the infirmary does not have room for enough beds. Five beds, crowded into two small rooms, could hardly be considered adequate for the 257 boarding students at Queens. During an epidemic, such as the influenza one last year, many girls are forced to remain sick in their dormitory rooms. There is no place to isolate a person with a contagious disease. The bathrooms, one of which is unheated, are poorly furnished and inconveniently located. The problem of space should be a vital concern.

In the second place, the infirmary is not inviting and cheerful, but it is dark and gloomy, despite the fact that it was redecorated about four years ago. The unattractive decorations, especially the large floral wallpaper in the small reception room, cause the entire place to be unappealing. One reason for this somber atmosphere is the insufficient lighting. There are few outlets; consequently, a limited number of lamps can be used. Bedside lamps cannot be used. The exterior of the infirmary is as uninviting as the interior. The wooden steps leading up to the porch are rickety and

A NEW INFIRMARY

uneven. Some improvements on the grounds around the infirmary are needed. The gaudy decorations, the inadequate lighting, and the run-down exterior combine to make the infirmary a drab place.

The third need for improvement lies in the fact that the kitchen equipment and furnace are not in good working order. The kitchen stove leaks gas and gives off a most offensive odor. Five minutes inside the chilly rooms of the infirmary verify the fact that the room temperature cannot be regulated. The ancient furnace frequently shoots out smoke and soot, causing discomfort to those in the rooms. If someone with a cold goes to the infirmary, where the temperature is so low, she is likely to develop pneumonia. The stove and furnace need repair.

The infirmary, with all its inconveniences, is not a building that is proudly displayed; it is kept as much as possible in the background. Everyone is eager to guide visitors to the campus through the Owens Gymnasium, the Belk Chapel, or the Belk Dormitory, but passes by the infirmary as quickly as possible. Frequently students will allow themselves to become seriously ill rather than go to the cold, dull infirmary of which they are not proud. It is a disgrace to Queens's pretty campus and an insult to the students, whose parents have paid for their daughter's health program, to have such an infirmary and such facilities. Queens needs an infirmary which will be an asset to the school.

The time is ripe for Queens to take a glance at her neglected infirmary; yet a glance would not be sufficient. Something constructive must be done to correct the situation found there. The infirmary should be enlarged, made more cheerful, and have a new kitchen stove and a furnace. To blend in with the over-all design of Queens, the infirmary building should be made attractive. Queens needs a new infirmary desperately and as soon as possible.

THE AIMS OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

MARY ANN BROWN

Exactly what are the aims of a college education? This question can scarcely be answered by a list numbered one, two, three. This is true because of the differences in aims of individual students and teachers and of individual colleges and universities. Regardless of these differences, however, the basic aims of any college education are the same. To examine these basic aims more closely, let us take the much used square for the ideal personality. The sides of the personality square are physical, social, spiritual, and mental. All sides of a square must be the same length and must meet in right angles or the figure is no longer a square. Education helps a person recognize these sides of his personality and enables him to adjust his life so that each side will grow at the same rate.

The physical side of the square receives most attention early in college years. During these years physical growth is completed. The college student must learn to take care of his body properly. Usually it is the first time he has had to be fully responsible for this care since heretofore he has been under parental supervision. Learning to eat the right foods and to sleep the necessary number of hours is part of his education.

Hand in hand with physical care is social adjustment. At college the student must learn to live with those other than his family. Before this time a student has been living in a relatively self-centered world, but in the dormitory he must learn to live with others who have a similar background. He must be able to adjust to the different faculty members and to the difference in their methods of teaching. Most must learn to evaluate the members of the opposite sex by more mature standards than their ability to play football or their physical beauty. The consideration of the rights of others, the ability to sacrifice personal likes and dislikes for the good of the group, and the respect for rules must be learned. Education changes conversation topics from basketball to books; automobiles to politics. This is not to say that the college educated person does not talk about basketball or automobiles. He does. He merely widens the range of his conversation. This helps him acquire more poise and enables him to adjust to all kinds of people more easily.

Spiritual growth is also a factor in education. At college some students begin to doubt the existence of God. Others rebel against the teachings of their home. Still others stay

(Continued on page 12)

A Journey to Greatness

Ewen, David: *A Journey to Greatness*, Henry Holt & Co., New York: 1956, 320 pp., \$3.75.

Although there is some disagreement among musicians and critics as to the greatness of George Gershwin's music, they all recognize his importance as the first composer to combine successfully the American jazz idiom with serious musical forms. In this story of Gershwin's life and music, David Ewen points out that this was the ideal which the composer was constantly striving to attain.

The author calls attention to the fact that the biographical movie *Rhapsody in Blue* was not entirely true in its representation of the life of Gershwin. Many of the details of the financial worries which beset the family in his youth were exaggerated, and several of the women with whom he fell in love were entirely fictitious. Gershwin remained a bachelor throughout his thirty-eight years. His life was centered around his music and himself, and only in the last year of his life did he feel pangs of loneliness. He enjoyed equally the company

Worth Your While

GARY BRADY

Ghosts in American Houses by James Reynolds is a collection of the most famous ghost stories in American history. The title is a little misleading, for not all these ghosts are found in houses. The stories are written in a simple and direct style. This is a big book, 16" by 12", and is most beautifully illustrated with drawings in black and white and in full color. *Ghosts in American Houses* is a most valuable contribution to Americana.

Mr. Seward for the Defense by Earl Conrad is an account of the first trial in which insanity was used as a plea by the defendant. The Mr. Seward who uses this plea for his defendant is none other than our later Secretary of State and purchaser of Alaska. The time is the early 1840's in upstate New York; a Negro goes berserk and kills six people. The resultant trials with Mr. Seward acting as defense are dramatically told by Mr. Conrad. This is a most useful book for both the psychologist and the historian.

Two new books in our library bear mentioning. *What a Year* by Joe Morris

Browsing . . .

of his lower-middle-class family and friends and that of the most outstanding producers, actors, and musicians of his time.

The scores for dozens of musical comedies were the chief means of his financial success. His serious works have appeared on programs of leading symphony orchestras all over the world and are notable for the use of intricate rhythmic patterns and technical devices that had heretofore never been applied to jazz subject matter. The folk opera *Porgy and Bess* is considered by Ewen to be Gershwin's greatest composition, and this estimate can be borne out by the fact that in the past five years it has been enthusiastically received in the most famous European opera houses, the first American opera to be accorded such recognition.

This biography is not one of outstanding literary merit, for Mr. Ewen's style has little individuality and at times tends to be most prosaic. The descriptions of each of Gershwin's musical comedies sometimes border on monotony, and the reader never feels very close to Gersh-

10—THE BLUE QUILL

win himself. For an evening of light, pleasant reading, however, this account of the life of a man who contributed in a colorful way to one of the many streams of contemporary music is recommended.

Herbert Wendt's *In Search of Adam* is the story of the quest for Adam made by countless biologists, geneticists, historians and others. The reader is able to participate in the adventures of research, in the excavations, in the unveiling of relics of the days before history, and in the scientific disputes that have raged. This profusely illustrated and provocative work is for an inquisitive mind.

win himself. For an evening of light, pleasant reading, however, this account of the life of a man who contributed in a colorful way to one of the many streams of contemporary music is recommended.

—Margaret Wright

The Genius and the Goddess

Aldous Huxley: *The Genius and the Goddess*. Harper and Bros., New York: 1955, 168 pp., \$2.75.

The publishing of a biography *The Life of Henry Maartens* precedes the meeting of two friends on Christmas Eve. John Rivers, in whose home the scene occurs, listens impatiently to his friend's observations on the work concerning his former employer. The biography has left his friend with the impression that Maartens was the scientific humanitarian paragon who had an organized, many-faceted life. Rivers, being too realistic to let the truth remain unknown, quickly corrects his friend although he feels no need to inform the public who would rather believe what they read. Reality, he believes, makes sense only from God's point of view. "Fiction has unity, fiction has style. Facts possess neither. The criterion of reality is its intrinsic irrelevance. . . . Oddly enough, the closest to reality are always the fictions that are supposed to be the least true."

It was in Maarten's home thirty years before that Rivers, fresh out of graduate school, began assisting this Nobel Prize winner in atomic research. There he was alternately serenely content and bitterly abject as he learned much of the duplicity of personalities, the changes wrought by love, jealousy, and age. Kathy, the goddess, moved with warmth and vigor attending the needs of her asthmatic husband and battling against the emotional web which had entrapped her and Rivers. Their relationship, unknown to Maartens, had disrupted the thinking of Ruth, the sensitive teenage daughter of the family, and burdened the two adults with deep feelings of guilt. The problem having been unsolved, the Maartens were killed in an automobile wreck. Since the time of the accident, Rivers had remained silent about the affair until he confided in his friend.

Huxley's latest novel teems with philosophical elements that are present in his earlier works. His cynicism is perhaps less emphatic in this work, but it is not suppressed. Philosophical, terse, and yet surprisingly warm for Huxley, *The Genius and the Goddess* is a book which should be read in order for a person to know Huxley and one which should be used by anyone interested in the honest study of human emotions.

—Sharlene Morris

Yes, I Am a Savoyard

SHARLENE MORRIS

"Nonsense, perhaps—but, oh, what perfect nonsense," was Lady Saphir's apturous retort to a person who scoffed at her taste for a certain poet. It also becomes my answer to people who raise their eyebrows or shake their heads in a manner of disbelief when I admit that I have a white-hot passion for anything that is even slightly suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan. But I refuse to suppress this information any longer. I shall admit in a strong, clear voice that I am a Savoyard and that I have no intention of changing.

I freely admit that Gilbert and Sullivan is stereotyped. I am completely aware of the Gilbertian capsule plot and of the Sullivanesque stamp which identifies all of his music and makes it boring to many musicians and an object of attack by critics. At the same time, however, I am equally aware of the perfect unity of the words and music which gives all of the songs a charm that is seldom paralleled in other operas.

The opinion of the intellectual snob that Gilbert and Sullivan is nice or funny but is of no real importance has ceased to disturb me. If they want to go on believing that something which makes a person laugh or cry or something which stimulates the imagination is altogether insignificant, it is their loss, not mine. I am content to keep for myself the quiet pleasures of sympathizing with poor Tit Willow or the aging Lady Jane, of weeping with the almost bereaved Elsie or the abject Jack Point, and of smiling at the simplicity of Patience's love for her aunt. I shall still laugh loudly at Bunthorne's literary efforts, at the caperings of the Lord High Executioner, at Katisha's realization that it takes years to train a man to love her, and at the blameless dancing of Mad Margaret and Sir Despard. I shall continue to worry about the lowly station of a heroine's lover, the politics of a fairyland or of Japan, the result of a trial, and the lot of an unhappy policeman.

In addition to appreciating the nonsense of the librettist, I shall unblushingly admit that I am deeply touched by the work of the composer. The lovely, full orchestration of the overtures of *Polyanthe* and *The Yeoman of the Guard*, the haunting pastoral melodies sung by Patience, Phyllis, and Rose Maybud, the stirring rhythms of the marches, the lyric quality of the women's choruses, and the rippling quick staccato of the

BETSY GOODYKOONTZ

If someone were to ask me which century I would wish to live in if I had the choice, I would regard him with frank amazement. Such a proposal would seem utterly ridiculous to me. Why would anyone in his right mind want to live at any other time than the twentieth century? At no time in history has life been so simple and easy as it is today. Twentieth-century America is free and prosperous. The conveniences of the modern age have made daily living a joy. Never has man led such a wonderful life.

The ancient art of homemaking has been replaced by the glorious age of miraculous machines and kitchen gadgets. This provides the housewife with an abundant amount of time in which she can engage in constructive pursuits such as a weekly trip to the gossip-filled heaven of the beauty parlor, the tense excitement of a bridge tournament, and the reading of romantic literary gems in magazines. The young mother no longer is forced to serve double duty as a nursemaid. Expensive, well-equipped nursery schools, gory television programs for children, and instructive comic books amuse the children and keep the mother from worrying about her offspring. Occasionally she may have to resort to the out-dated custom of tucking the babies in bed at night, but this operation seldom requires more than ten or fifteen minutes a day.

Her husband enjoys the conveniences of the twentieth century, too. The sensational headlines of the modern newspaper engross him as he flies to his office on a sleek commuters' train; thus he is saved from having to converse with the man sitting beside him. His job is relatively simple, too. All that he has to do to progress to the very top of the complex business world is wear a gray flannel suit and behave according to a stereotyped pattern. He is thus relieved of the agonizing task of individual thinking. The only people who have to think any more are scientists and subversive college professors. The recent

songs—all these will continue to charm and delight me.

No, I am not willing to deny or relinquish my enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan. Not for all the tea in China, the complete collection of Wagnerian operas, or for a Phi Beta Kappa key will I cease to call myself a Savoyard.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIVING

abolition of individual thinking has contributed to national progress and greatly lessened the number of mental breakdown cases in our country.

Modern means of entertainment have added to the abundant joys of living. The woman who aspires to be a lady is no longer required to learn to sing and paint and sew. In a few short lessons she can learn how to sip a martini and how to hold a cigarette gracefully. She immediately becomes an overwhelming social success, and her entertainment is provided by numerous invitations to cocktail parties and country club dances. Her husband, the modern gentleman, is not expected to produce lovely poems about nature, nor is he forced to bother with medieval things such as fencing lessons. His only contact with nature is the golf green, and the only weapon that he has to know how to wield is the golf club. No longer does one have to plow his way through the classics or squirmingly listen to lengthy recordings of Beethoven's symphonies for entertainment. The great literature and music of the world have been canned and simplified by the medium of television. This does not mean that the classics and the LP records lie dusty on the shelf, however. They lend a quaintly cultural, antique air to the pine-paneled den; and a neatly starched maid dusts them five days a week.

(Continued on page 12)

My Lake Murray Home After A Rain

SARAH ANN SMITH

The rain had fallen, bringing out the rich, loamy odor of the earth. From the wet flowers emanated a variety of perfumes—the sickeningly sweet fragrance of the pink, the delicate rose scent, the plain, earthy odor of the nasturtium. Coming out on the porch, I was aware of the wet screen with its smell of coal. The brick walls smelled wet and musty. As I walked down to the water, the odor of the lake assailed my nostrils. It smelled salty, like the sea. The red, muddy clay at the lake side had a pungent mustiness of its own. I left the water and wandered through the woods. The resin of the wet pines, the tangy sweetness of the honeysuckle, the mossy odor of the pine needles and mouldy leaves under my feet—all of these came to me as I walked.

THE BLUE QUILL-11

TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIVING

(Continued from page 11)

Not only is family life simple and enjoyable today; society as a whole is benefiting by the advances of science. Education has been revolutionized. Gone forever are the days of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Visual education and scientific physical training are the important points to be regarded in modern education. Naturally, this makes life easier for pupils and teachers alike. Higher education has progressed far beyond the musty halls of ancient Oxford and Cambridge. College students are being led along the higher paths of social development.

Even the politics of the twentieth century are simple and elementary. The modern politician can be assured of success if he conforms to a set procedure of kissing babies and shaking hands with farmers. The voter can easily choose a favorite candidate by reading some of the better partisan magazines. Then all that he has to do is pull a few levers in a compact little voting machine and sit back and relax for the next four years.

Economically, our nation is in a golden age. Long shining cars, handy washing machines, and comfortable glass-walled houses speak for our material prosperity. The individual can be assured of financial security if he plays the stock market wisely and discreetly.

Organized religion adds the finishing touch to our happy twentieth-century

life. Gone forever are the days of religious dissension over obscure theological points. Twentieth-century religion, which is characterized by family night suppers and ladies' bazaars, offers a peaceful sense of security to the individual and to the family. Victorian moral concepts no longer cause the individual inner conflict. Long ago Freud pointed out that the conscience is really only a super-ego which evolves from complex psychological and environmental factors. The knowledge that we have no conscience creates in us a delightfully free feeling that we can do whatever our

primal desires dictate. The removal of the threat of conscience and the individual conflicts arising therefrom has practically eliminated all neuroticism in modern society.

The twentieth century is an age of happiness and freedom. A calm air of relaxation and complacency pervades the home, the career, education, politics and religion. Modern conveniences and appliances have eliminated every form of manual labor. The individual no longer has to think. Life is free and wonderful. How could anyone possibly wish to live at any other time than now?

A MOUNTAIN WALK

SARAH ANN SMITH

Honeysuckle grew profusely on each side of the path. Its scent oppressed the air. Undergrowth made the way harder as we climbed farther up the mountain-side. In the meadow below it was hot and sticky; but here a gentle breeze occasionally cooled us. For a long way we followed a small mountain stream. We often stopped to watch it as it plunged noisily and happily downward over the rocks. We sometimes saw fish flitting through its crystal-clear waters. Eventually we came to a place where the rocks afforded a crossing, and we passed to the other side. We now en-

tered a more wooded area, and our path became lost in the underbrush. The leaves beneath our feet smelled damp. A mixture of wood fragrances came to us as we walked—the resinous pine tree, the bitter sassafras root, the wild honey-suckle, and the dainty mountain laurel. Sunlight filtered through the trees and flecked the ground here and there. Birds twittered excitedly as we passed, as if to tell us that we were disturbing their forest. Suddenly a small chipmunk darted in front of us, scurrying to his secret destination.

THE AIMS OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION (Cont.)

away from church merely because they can for the first time. There are also those who become almost religious fanatics. Regardless of the attitude, though, there is some change in childhood beliefs and more mature ones are ultimately adopted. Colleges such as Queens do a good deal to shape such mature beliefs, but at many schools no effort is made. The majority of students, however, go through this period of uncertainty and emerge better Christians for having done so. Education has a good deal to do with shaping these attitudes and beliefs. A little knowledge may prove that there is no God; but the more knowledge gained, the more proof there is of God.

The mental side of the square is the one which is normally thought of as being connected with a college education. Certainly mental training is its primary aim. Included in this training can be theoretical, aesthetic, and practical training. One of the aims is to learn practical skills and acquire knowledge in all fields which may be applied to future jobs. Another is learning to appreciate literature, poetry, and music

for future life. Still another is learning something of history and political science so that current events may be interpreted more understandingly. Again, chemistry, biology, and other sciences bring understanding of the physical world. These aims are not, however, an end in themselves. The most important aim of education is to develop independent thinking and reasoning ability. For a successful life one must be able to think for himself and to take the knowledge that he has and come to a conclusion. When this is accomplished, education has succeeded.

No one would argue with the statement that although the physical, social, and spiritual sides are important, the major aim of a college education is to produce mental growth. This is true. If the other three are not in harmony, however, there can be very little mental growth. Book knowledge is important, of course; but book knowledge is not and cannot be the sole aim of a college education. If these other sides are ignored, the student will not only miss something in his education, but will also have a warped personality. Thus a college education covers all four sides of the personality square.

One of the serious problems facing the world and the United States today is the Suez-Egyptian situation. In the past few weeks questions have been raised over the rightful control of the Suez Canal. The situation has led Israel to attack Egypt, and Britain and France to take police action. But there is more to this problem than a question of Suez control. Behind it lies the entire Arab-Israel controversy and, in Western minds at least, Communistic control of the Middle East.

The action of Nasser, after having been refused aid by Western powers, in requesting and accepting arms from Russia is considered a gross error by most Western observers. Actually, there are two sides to this question. Nasser may be considered a Communistic, self-gratifying dictator or the Egyptian counterpart of George Washington. This latter view has been overlooked by the majority of Americans. The American newspapers and magazines have for months been presenting a completely one-sided view of the situation. This has served to alienate the minds of the American people against Nasser to a very dangerous degree; for, unless we understand the Egyptian point of view, any attempt at reaching an understanding in this crisis is hopeless. If we are to save the world from a third world war, we *must* have open minds.

In reality, Nasser's seizing the Suez Canal at this time is a direct result of the United States's refusal to finance the dam that he wished to build. It must be conceded, however, that in all probability this seizure would have occurred in

"England Bombs Cairo"; "French and English Troops Are Rushed to the Middle East"; "Fierce Fighting Rages in Egypt and Israel"—these are only a few of the many headlines which greet us each day. Do you read these headlines without concern, thinking that these countries are so many miles away that we cannot be interested? Do you glance at them and say, "This isn't our problem; let the involved countries worry"? Or are you realistic about this crisis, thereby seeing the danger of this tense situation?

Yes, it is true that at one time the Middle East was separated from the United States by thousands of miles. But today these thousands of miles which separate us seem relatively few, for this situation may result in possible world war. If this seems impossible to you, then you have not considered the facts.

Not long ago Nasser, leader of the Egyptian people, wanted money to build the Aswam Dam. This money was promised to him by Dulles; however, Dulles was forced to withdraw his offer because the cotton growers in America objected. If Egypt had access to this dam, they would have the water and power to produce an even finer quality of cotton than is produced in America. Since Nasser could not raise the money to build the Aswam Dam, he seized the Suez Canal. England, in order to keep her territory in her power, allied with France and Israel to put a stop to Nasser's drive. This is where we must stop and ask ourselves if we can sympathize with Egypt or our allies. In my opinion, the whole situation was mishandled. We must look at this situ-

Egyptian Israeli Conflict

World War III?

time anyway. To the Egyptian people this action was an assertion of Egyptian independence, and they welcomed it as such. Many Americans do not realize this. They look on Nasser as a despotic ruler who is dragging an unwilling nation behind him. We must realize the fact that Nasser is looked on as a deliverer of his people. The Egyptian people have waited for this day of deliverance for a long time, and they feel that it has come. The Western nations must therefore be tolerant of this feeling and treat it with due respect.

A close study of the situation and of Nasser's speeches calls for an admittance that, whether he is right or wrong, his cause and purpose are patriotic and selfless. In one light, is he not doing the same thing that our forefathers did in expelling a foreign power from his soil? It seems that the United States at that time broke a few treaties herself; yet we condemn the Egyptian government for breaking the Suez treaty. Nasser has not yet shown himself to be an aggressor. Instead, it looks as if Egypt is being aggressed upon by others. Israel was the first to attack, and she was followed by Britain and France. Without a doubt these countries have reasons for this attack, and we must see their side also. But a fear of losing trade seems a selfish reason to begin a war on a

(Continued on page 23)

ation and realize that there are two sides to every issue. Britain was wrong to invade Egypt; but on the other hand, she was merely fighting for what is hers. We can also find fault with Nasser's brashness; however, as a leader, he was making a move which was for the development of his country.

This situation has passed from the hands of these aforementioned countries to the hands of the United Nations. The U.N. has asked for a withdrawal of troops and a cease-fire until the involved nations can reach agreements. They have also agreed to send a United Nations police force to patrol the Suez Canal until this agreement can be reached. The force is to be composed of troops from each nation. All nations have agreed to this, save Russia and her satellites.

Just when everyone was breathing a little easier about the Middle East crisis, Russia presented a new threat to peace in regard to the problem. Bulganin, Russian representative to the U.N., asked America to side with Russia in order to stop the fighting in the Middle East. This was a preposterous proposal, for it is quite unnatural to consider our siding with Russia and fighting our allies. Therefore, Russia has moved

(Continued on page 23)



PARKER-GARDNER COMPANY

118 W. Trade Street

Phone ED 2-8257

Headquarters for Music



HOTEL CHARLOTTE

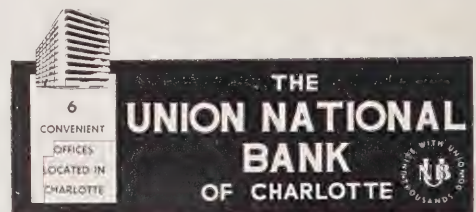
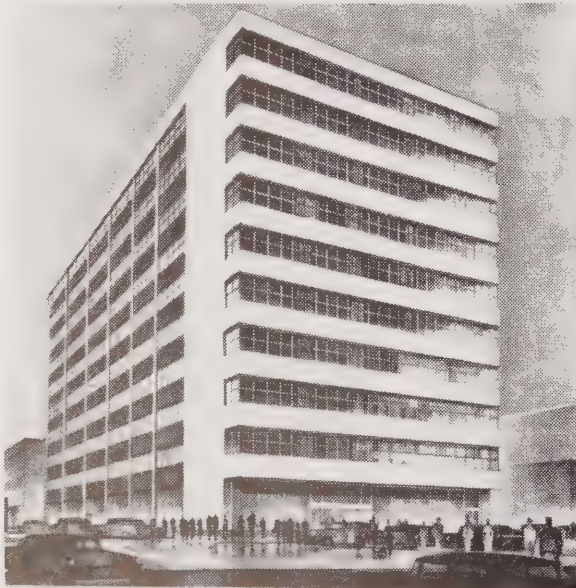
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Carolinas Largest & Finest Hotel"

AIR CONDITIONED

THE PINE ROOM
EARLY AMERICAN RESTAURANT
INFORMAL DINING

Alton L. Bland, President
Kenneth B. Cross, Manager



MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

A Young Heart, A Stormy Night

BETSY GOODYKOONTZ

The ship is scheduled to dock in New York in thirty-six hours. Already you can feel the electric tingle of homecoming excitement. It seems to infect every passenger on the ship. The soldier coming home to his family, the Rhodes scholar bound for home and classroom, the weary tourist whose mind is a jumble of Gothic cathedrals and colorful market places—all are anxious and excited. Bittersweet nostalgia for the grandeur of Rome and the gaiety of Paris and the dignity of London is almost forgotten. All that you can think of is the wonderful New York skyline silhouetted against a misty morning sky. You even begin a bit of premature packing. You pace the deck and lean over the rail and hopefully scan the watery horizon for a glimpse of land.

Then suddenly the golden mid-afternoon sun dips behind a bank of gray clouds and the sea becomes gray and choppy and you feel an uneasy roll in the lower regions of the ship. You do not think about it again until you notice the stewards putting up hand ropes in the corridors. Then with a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach you read the weather chart. A hurricane is forecast. Even then you are not worried, though. You have a great deal of faith in the officers on the captain's bridge.

By dinnertime the sea is tossing the ship to and fro. Everyone is talking about the hurricane, and you begin to think that it will make an exciting tale to tell to friends at home. There is a hint of tension among the passengers, though. The dining room is filled with the excited, high-pitched chatter of nervous voices. You can almost feel the great release of anxiety when all the shining dishes slide to one end of the table and everyone laughs loud and nervously. With every lurch of the ship the undercurrent of worry and tension grows.

After dinner you go up on deck and are amazed at the sudden change in the weather. But you are too thrilled by the sound and fury of the storm to be afraid. Strong, howling winds tangle your hair and whip your skirt about your knees. The cool spray stings your cheek, and you can taste the sticky salt on your lips. The wind in your face and the water in your eyes and the sheer beauty of the spectacle before you take your breath away. You want to take photographs and paint pictures and write poetry so that you will not forget any of the beauty.

The water is a mass of black and purple and green waves, angry, swirling, roaring, exploding waves. Great mounds of white foam and spray skip across the electric surface of the water and shoot into the air like geysers. You can almost see Time and Death and Eternity. There is so much wild, angry motion that you feel as if you are looking at a powerful, living, breathing organism. As you realize the tremendous power of this uncontrollable element you feel the first silent tentacles of fear sending icy fingers around your

heart. The ship might as well be a matchbox. It struggles up huge rolling waves as high as it is and then falls rapidly into great black, watery chasms. It slowly rolls from side to side, and you have a sickening feeling that it is going to topple all the way over at any minute.

Suddenly, with no forewarning, a dark purplish-black curtain drops smotheringly over everything. You go inside into the brightly lighted, colorful card room, but you can still see the water. It keeps exploding in mountainous waves that cover the windows of the promenade deck. You can hear the relentless whistle of the wind and the agonized scream and strain of the ship. You can feel the sickening lurch and swell and fall and jerk of the ship. Fright and tension mount with every ticking minute. You hear a scream, and suddenly you realize that it is your own. Your heavy chair has turned over backwards; and you are in an awkward, sprawling heap on the floor. You sit and try to talk and laugh, but you are waiting. You are waiting for the best, the worst, anything.

You cannot go to bed because it is impossible to keep yourself from being tossed out of the bunk. So you sit and think. A night like this makes you think. You begin to realize how fruitless it is to worry about meaningless things. What difference does it make whether you buy Wedgwood egg-cups in the ship's store or wait until you get to New York to buy them? At a moment when you are wondering how much longer you will be alive, you see with startling clarity of insight the insignificance and stupidity of superficiality and materialism. You think of all the things that you have not done and that you wish you had done. You do not think of the meaningless, material things, but of the truly great things of life. What has happened to the deep understanding of other human hearts that you have grasped on rare occasions? What has happened to the endless, strong love of God and Man and Nature that once you almost found? On a night like this you find all of these things in a volume and intensity that is so strong it makes your throat ache. You see suddenly the world's spiritual and ethical opportunities unfold before you, and you feel a sinking feeling when you realize how much time has slipped away. You feel a painful, burning care of hope and desire within your breast.

The hurricane passes in the night, creeping away as stealthily as it came. Morning brings with it a still, blue sea and a benevolent, warm gold sun. Complacent passengers are sunning and napping in their deck chairs. That burning care of desire and hope that you felt in your heart last night has lessened and shrunk a little. Momentarily you wonder how long it will remain. Then you turn from your contemplative survey of the blue, blue sea and your hour of glorious dream and resolution becomes an ephemeral mist that silently floats out over the waters to wait for another young heart on a lovely, stormy night. Perhaps this what it is to be human and finite.

Poetry

Darkness and Light AUSTIN SIMPSON

I

I sit alone, so all alone
With naught but God nearby;
The clatter of the hypocrites
Is ever passing by.

Yet I, alone amidst the throng
Of heathen detriment,
Am sad within my very heart,
All sad, alone, and spent.

My strength has ebbed, my life is dead,
My soul screams for relief.
No man can ever comprehend
My sorrow, yea, my grief.

A world of fools, of heathen hate
Surrounds me everywhere,
A world of beauty unsurpassed,
Unseen, in man's despair.

O God, O God, O mighty God,
A child weeps in the gloom.
My childish heart pleads constantly
For peace—or for the tomb.

I know within the realms of love
The golden answer lies;
But man is numb, is deaf, is dumb:
He sees with blinded eyes.

Of faith and love no voice is heard,
No hope is anywhere.
My heart is yearning for a light
That conquers all despair.

II

Now in the dark a lantern comes,
Now two, now three, now ten.
Yea, verily an army comes
Of strong, enlightened men.

They march, their beacons shining forth,
E'er forcing back the gloom;
In white array their leader strides,
Arisen from the tomb.

The song is high, their battle cry
Rings forth into the night;
Before their faith, their hope, their love
All evil shrinks in fright.

The demons flee, the hypocrites
Lie prostrate on the ground;
The heathen voice of hate and greed
Can make no evil sound.

My strength returns with life anew,
My soul leaps high for joy;
For now I have received the gift
No man can e'er destroy.

I join the throng of loving souls
Who march against the gloom,
That I may bear the light that saves
Another from the tomb.

So through the realms of endless time
The master from above
Leads forth till all the world is blessed
With peace, with joy and love.

Three Songs of Thanksgiving

MARY ALLRED

walked today down a russet path
through a world that was all aflame;
my step was light and my soul was free,
and life was a pleasant game!
I paused at the crest of a wooded hill
to drink of the beauty there,
and while I gazed a breeze arose
to stir the autumn air.
My heart felt a whisper borne on that wind,
and I knelt upon the sod,
for with sudden light 'twas this I knew:
I heard the voice of God!

He bade me look from the peak of the hill—
where stretched in endless line
the blessings I know, the treasures I have,
the riches and joys that are mine.
There was a home full of truth and warmth,
free from oppression and strife;
there was a family still knit firm
by the cords of love and life.
I saw then a table heaped with food,
aiment for heat and for chill,
soft pillows and beds for weary limbs,
drugs to dull pain, cure ill.
In the distance a steeple reached to the sky
from the church of my belief,
wherein is peace for my restless soul,
consolation for human grief.
There rose from the ground a red brick school
by generations tried and found true,
and there—proudly sailing on waves of the wind—
a banner of red, white, and blue!
A million and more things passed my sight
ere the vision vanished from view;
but the Father said kindly, "It is not done;
two visions remain yet for you."

I looked again o'er the valley below;
space and time had been rolled away.
Every horror that has ever been
lived again for me today.
I saw the remains of once-happy homes,
which were now only warn-torn debris;
I saw families torn by death and hate,
separated by land and sea.
The streets were filled with the homeless,
vainly searching for crumbs of bread;
the ditches were filled with the naked;
hallow graves hid thousands of dead.
The old, the sick, and the dying
rent the air with their pleading cries;
but there was no cure for their illness,
no balm for their closing eyes.

There was no kind and soothing church
to give souls the peace of God;
Greed, warfare, conquest, and hate
ruled—and killed—with an iron rod.
There were no doors to true knowledge,
for learning was costly and rare,
and those who sought it were stifled
in a harsh and biased air.
Soldiers of tyranny marched the streets
and struck terror to human hearts;
men were not free; they would never know
the blessings that freedom imparts.
I looked away toward the fiery trees.
My soul was torn and my eyes long wet,
but the Father said kindly, "It is not done;
one scene there remains for you yet."

I looked again o'er the valley below
with a weak and submissive will.
The sights I saw and the words I heard
prove that hope and love rule still.
I saw the Master walking the earth,
feeding the starving poor;
I saw him as he healed the sick
and returned the dead through life's door.
I saw him as he knelt and prayed
for his children—both you and me.
I saw him as he walked with God
on the beach by the moody sea.
Then I saw a hill in a darkened world,
and a cross was upon its crest.
I heard the Father say to me,
"For you he died, and for all the rest.
He died to smother tyranny,
to give man life and thought,
freedom to seek and find the truth;
with his own blood these things he bought!
He rose from the world of the sleeping;
he conquered death's dark way;
with all his people of the world
he lives and works today.
He gives us health and plenty,
but we are given them to share;
he gives us love and liberty—
take them to his children everywhere!"

I woke beneath the mighty arms
of the burning maple trees;
the world was still; yet from the distance
came the echo of a breeze.
Now I walk down a rocky road
through a world in need of God.
The way is rough, but my life is full—
'Tis the path that Jesus trod!

Love's Request

LOUISE ROBERTSON

Softly from the heaven's bower,
Crystal rain began to shower;
And looking to the night above,
This I whispered to my love,

"What beauty in the rain can see,
A drop of clearest purity,
So like the heart I'd give to thee
If you but gave your love to me.

"What cloud afloat midst deepest sky
Is softer than where now I lie
Within your arms. My tender sigh
And heart to you, a longing cry.

"What other lips than your own
Or greater love than this I've known?
No other has to you outshone,
So leave me ne'er, my love, alone."

The Moon and Venus

A silver teardrop wept the moon,
A lady in her grief,
That shone suspended in the sky
On every branch and leaf.

Venus, evening star of beauty,
Beneath her lady moon she beams
While from the mother eye is cast
Ten thousand lovely streams
As all the night is filled
With many teardrops o'er
That sparkle on the dewdrops
Of a silvery mirrored moor.

Pale and white my lady dear,
So pale and white tonight,
How weep you such a lovely tear
As Venus, lone and bright?

The God I Claim

CAROLYN HEFFNER

I talked with a man who said one day,
"Your God's unknown to me."
I pondered as I went my way,
"How can I make him see?"
I thought of many ways that seemed
Each one beyond my reach,
But then one night my thoughts all teemed
With God along the beach.

I saw the stars above that shone
Upon the sea beneath;
I heard the ocean's roaring tone
And felt mist on my cheek.
My heart so filled with deep despair,
My mind so disarrayed—
Began at last to re-unite;
My worry seemed to fade.

How could I show God to this man?
How could I make love dear?
The only way was just to stand
And watch with him right here.

And this is what I'd show that man
And this is what I'd say:
"Look at my God; you really can;
See Whom the night portrays.

"Everything you see is his
Where'er your eye may scan;
Each lovely sight that man enjoys
Is part of God's great plan.
Each tiny drop of every wave
Has its own time to fall,
And only God is there to care
For each—and yet for all.

"His endless might is here revealed
With each o'er-bounding spray.
There's so much more of God that's sealed
Within the heart's survey.
Creator, Lord—surpassed by none:
Here is the God I claim.
I hope that soon you too will come
And grow to love His name."

To Charles LAURA PRINCE

I dreamed, and the earth passed away.
Vanished,
Ever vanished
Are all things of light.
All color is as death drawing to an end,
The awesome beauty of a tortured sea.
Light is gone,
Color is dead,
Dark prevails.
The red of angry Mars
Has ceased its wrath-filled vigilance.
The red of bloody moons
Has thickened and become black.
Color is non-existent.
Black encloses all,
Is in all.

Vanished,
Ever vanished
Are all matters of motion.
All movement has been freed
From its eternal presence.
Earth has become a still tomb,
A grave of memory but not of thought.
Life and death have mingled
And now are nothing.
No more flows the raging, tortured sea.
The winds of an ancient land
Have ceased.
Motion, simple movements,
Are dead.

Space no longer exists.
Imagination has fled the depths of

My soul.
My memory seeks color,
Yet there is no color.
My spirit must be moved,
Yet it cannot be moved.
All things are cold nor warm.
Nothing has form or shape.
All is void.
Endless is everything which had an end.
Ended is anything which was endless.
Yet through it all, this happening,
This unforeseen catastrophe,
I find you;
Life of my life,
Soul of my soul,
Spirit of my spirit!

In utter despair,
In utter nothingness,
I cannot express a thought,
For I no longer exist
As human.

I am part of nothing;
And yet I am every part of you,
The fulfillment of everything.
Though this earth be ended of

Light,
Color,
Motion.
I find you,
Life of my life,
Spirit of my spirit,
Soul of my soul!

The Wanderer LOUISE ROBERTSON

A golden sphere she rose
From out the endless sea,
The moon, a mystery
And wanderer to me.
She travels her journey
In the darkness of night,
A silent wanderer
In lonely, silent flight.

The sunset's fiery gold
Gave way to purer light
As the lone wanderer
Posed stately in her height.
A silver brush she clasped
To paint upon the sea

A trail of silver waves
And drifting sands for me.

Replying to her art,
My pen I lifted high
To tell of her beauty,
Of it to justify;
But ah, how very hopeless
For one to even try
To capture the lone moon,
The artist in the sky.

So from the sands I watched
The wanderer of the night
Until the sea took her
And stole her from my sight.

Winter's Coronation LOUISE ROBERTSON

A crystal wonderland of white
Bedecked the world all 'round,
As winter's queen from out the night
Knelt slowly to be crowned.

The snowflake's gay procession
Followed their winter queen
As glistening white took possession
Of hidden emerald green.

The laden boughs of laden trees
Hung low in every dell.
The uncertain wind seemed to tease
Snow crystals as they fell.

The wood was patterned with lace
Woven on trees of white.
The queen unveiled her hidden face
Of fog left from the night.

I stood both tied and bound
As the world became one nation,
And watched the snow queen crowned
In this, Winter's coronation.



La Marick for those who REALLY
Care for Beauty



La Marick

Spun Silk Shampoo
Dandruff Remover Shampoo
Cleansing & Night Cream
Liquid Cleanser
Hair Spray
Keep Neat
Creme Rinse
Deodorant
Perfumes
Hair Brushes
Skin Toned

Note: Clubs, Sororities, Schools
Excellent Opportunity — Top Profit
Sponsor this top quality, family used, economically priced, Already Popular Beauty Product Line.

Contact

La Marick

Box 246

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Phone FR 5-3406

. . . *after a study of English ballads*

The Long Wait MARY STENHOUSE

Atop the hill a young maid stood

To watch the swirling sea.

Her heart cried out the message sweet,

"He soon will be with me."

Her love had sailed through foreign seas,

And many battles led.

Tomorrow, though, he would return,

The maiden fair to wed.

"At morrow's morn he will return,

And 'fore the day is done,

My only love and I," she thought,

"Shall then be joined as one."

That night a sudden, raging storm

At quiet waters tore,

And monstrous, foaming waves were dashed

Upon the sandy shore.

Next morn, as swift as it had come,

So ceased that treacherous gale.

The maiden scanned the vast, calm sea

In search of distant sail.

Her bright eyes shone with happiness;

Flushed cheeks were rosy red.

This was the day of his return,

The day they would be wed.

O joyous, happy wedding day,

That dawned on peaceful sea.

The furor of the night had passed.

Love waited patiently.

Her watch through all the day she kept,

Atop the windy hill,

But ship nor sail the maid saw not

Out on the water still.

Dark night engulfed the fair young maid,

And spread o'er all the sea,

Hope still shone bright, for still she thought,

"He will return to me."

And though the years have come and gone,

All those who pass that hill,

Can see an aged figure there,

Her vigil keeping still.

On body time has left its mark;

Dim eyes can scarcely see.

But heart cries out its message still,

"He will return to me."

*After a study of folk ballads of the Middle Ages
sophomores were inspired to write some of their own.*

Death's Bride

NANCY CHAPMAN

Old Death rides on a dark black horse;
He rides o'er all the land.
He closes eyes in endless sleep—
So big and cold his hand.

Young Bill had six guns at his side,
A bright star on his vest.
The dream he carried in his heart—
To tame the lawless West.

Miss Sal, who was Bill's bride-to-be,
Was lovely, sweet, and grand.
No matter where she went she bore
A rosebud in her hand.

Old Death did spy her one cold day,
The day she would be wed.
"She is too good for mortal man;
She must be mine," he said.

Sal saw Death standing on the hill;
She faced him unafraid.
She knew she had to ride with him;
Death kissed the comely maid.

Old Death rides on a dark black horse;
He rides o'er all the land,
And with him rides Miss Sal, his bride,
A rosebud in her hand.

Sweet William

BEVERLY HARRIS

"Oh, where have ye been, Sweet William, my dear,
Oh, where have ye been, my bonny young lad?"
"I've been to the fair on this day sae drear,
I've been to the fair, and it made me nae glad."

"And what did dismay ye, Sweet William, my love,
And what did dismay ye, my bonny young lad?"
"Oh, a parlous deed by the stars up above,
Oh, now I'm bereft and my heart is sae sad."

"Was it fightin' and bloodshed, Sweet William, my dear,
Was it fightin' and bloodshed, my bonny young lad?"
"No, 'twas a bargain much worse I do fear,
No, 'twas a deed sae uncommonly bad."

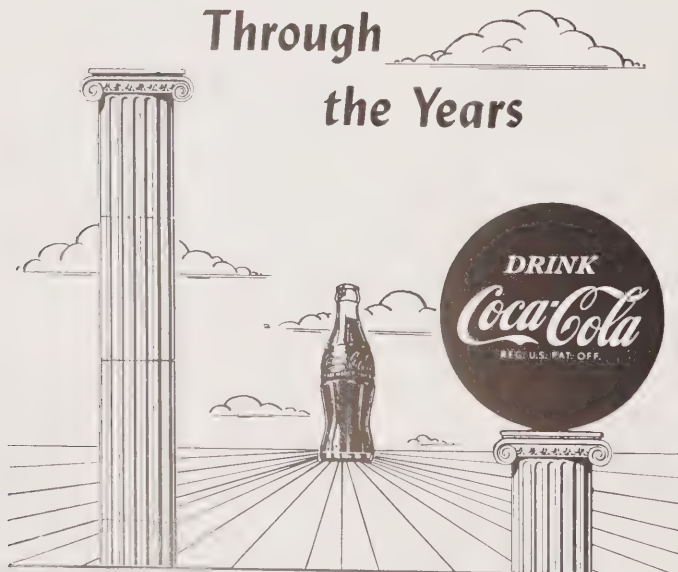
"Pray, then, do tell me, Sweet William, my love,
Pray thee, do tell me, my bonny young lad."
"A man sold his wife to a sailor, my dove,
A man sold his wife; 'twas all that he had."

"Why such a dark deed, Sweet William, my life,
Why such a crime, my bonny young lad?"
"The blood red wine he drank, my wife,
He drank 'til he came bedeviled and mad."

"Who comes from o'er yonder, Sweet William, my dear,
Why look ye sae pale, my bonny young lad?"
"'Tis the sailor who comes for his purchase I fear,
'Tis ye whom I sold, wife; ye're all that I had."

Refreshment to You

Through
the Years



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY OF CHARLOTTE

Goforth's
Inc.

Gifts — Cards — Stationery

Telephone FR 5-0027

Selwyn Hotel Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

Egyptian-Israeli Conflict (Cont.)

tion struggling for independence. As for Israel, it seems that Nasser made several attempts to come to an agreement with this nation. He did ask for some sort of refugee settlement for the Arabs who were left homeless by the creation of the Jewish state, and this was a reasonable request. As has been pointed out, Nasser also realizes that Israel is seeking as much land as possible; and he fears the outcome of letting up the pressure even a little. He must be considered brave to be willing to fight against such odds, for he knows the limitations of the Egyptian and Arab forces.

As for animosity toward the United States, Nasser himself has said that he feels only disappointment in our lack of understanding. He turned to Russia only when the United States and other Western nations refused him aid, and he accepted Russian aid only for the help that it could do for the Egyptian people. This certainly does not indicate that he is a supporter of Communism and our enemy, for some of our Western allies, including Britain, use Russian products.

This is not an attempt to say that Nasser is completely right. No doubt his methods could be improved. But, on the other hand, the Egyptians must have a leader who is willing to risk great things on the hope of accomplishment. Nasser is such a man. Probably his acceptance of Russian arms was an unwise move, but it seemed to him that he had no alternative. At any rate, part of the present situation is due to lack of Western understanding and open-mindedness. Our only hope is to try to see the situation from both sides and treat it with tolerance. It is hoped that we will open our eyes before it is too late.

—Sarah Ann Smith

Queens Centennial Ball

STELLA DROSS

Queens' Christmas Dance, the Centennial Ball, was held on Saturday, December 1, from 9 to 12 midnight. The dance was built around the theme of Christmas one hundred years ago and featured Christmas traditions of the past century, such as the Christmas tree in the old square. Music for the dance was furnished by Billy Knauff and his band.

The Social Committee was responsible for the planning of the dance. Members on the committee are Eleanor Ballenger, Nancy Campbell, Sandra Hutchins, Millie Morris, Page Myers, and Emily Sapp. Betty Gray is the chairman.

Visiting Psychology Professor

A recent addition to the Queens psychology department is Mrs. E. C. Whittaker. She is replacing Mr. Carl Cochrane who (due to sickness) is on a leave of absence for the remainder of the semester.

Mrs. Whittaker received her B.A. from the U. of Washington and her M.A. from Mills College. Following this study she taught at Antioch College and served as psychologist for the Fells Research Institute. In Tacoma, Washington, she was clinical psychologist for the public schools and director of educational research. Mrs. Whittaker has done extensive work in psychology in Charlotte and five years ago was a member of the Queens faculty.

—A. C.

World War III (Cont.)

her troops into Syria under the pretense of being a friend and aid to war-torn Egypt.

Without a doubt, this has turned into a very tense and precarious situation. If the U.N. cannot help England, France, and Egypt straighten out their problems, then Russia will undoubtedly come to the aid of Egypt. If Russia gives aid, then the other nations in the U.N. will rebel against the aid. Russia, who has been sitting at her base in nearby Syria, gives the Arabs the assurance, whether sincere or not, that she is their friend and defender. While she has managed to fool the Arabs with her questionable benevolence, many other countries have opened their eyes to the falseness and

underhandedness of the Soviet nation. Russia has threatened to send her troops and ammunition as "volunteers" if the Allies do not move completely out of Egypt.

The world is once again sitting on a powder keg of dynamite. The match which may ignite this high explosive has already been struck. But who is responsible? Is it Nasser, a would-be dictator, the man who could not wait quietly and patiently until the Suez Canal was legally his? Or is it England, France, and Israel who attacked Egypt without considering settlement of this problem? Or is it Russia, who is taking the part of a cat stalking his prey?

Nine-year-old Benjamin stood watching the other boys and girls playing in the court of the old inn. As usual he was not included in their games. His brown eyes suddenly filled with tears of self-pity as he thought of the treatment he received at the hands of those who should have been his friends and playmates. Once more he wished desperately that he had not fallen that day when he became permanently crippled. Perhaps if he could walk without a crutch the children would not laugh at him.

He was six years old when the accident occurred, and he remembered it quite vividly. His mother had sent him with his sister Miriam to get water from the well on the outskirts of the little town of Bethlehem. When they got there, they found that a caravan from the East had stopped for water and rest. It took quite a while for Miriam to fill the water jug, and she was so engrossed in her task that she forgot about Benjamin. The little boy proceeded to climb upon the stacks of caravan goods. He struggled to the top of one which was twice his height and stood there pleased at his feat. Miriam saw him about this time and in fright screamed for him to come down. The sound startled him, and he lost

jeers and derision. Tears filled his eyes, and he dejectedly hobbled away, accompanied by shouts of "Cry baby! Cry baby!" The little boy went out to the stable behind the inn and sobbed out his story to the sympathetic donkey. At last exhausted from his tears, he fell asleep on the straw.

Bethlehem was becoming more and more crowded. Never had the little town experienced such a mass influx of people. The inns filled, and still the people kept coming. The inhabitants of the village cursed the tax decree which caused all the bother, and agreed that the Romans had no right to require people from all over Palestine to go to the towns of their forefathers to be taxed. This, of course, did no good, and the crowds kept increasing.

When Benjamin awoke, the innyard was full of activity. He could hear the commotion even at the stable, and he hurried up to the house to see what was causing so much stir. He found the court packed with more people than he ever dreamed the little space could hold, and his eyes grew wide with wonderment. What was even more surprising was the way his usually sedate mother was bustling around

CHRISTMAS

his footing. As he hit the ground, he felt a sharp pain in his leg. Miriam ran to him, swiftly lifted him in her arms, and carried him home. His mother and father set the bone as well as they could, but he was never able to use his leg again.

Benjamin tried to think of some way to make the children like him. His mother had told him repeatedly that what they thought did not matter, but he could not dispel the lonely feeling in his heart. "Maybe if I let them know I'm here," he thought, "they'll play with me." Swiftly he plied his little crutch and hopped into the circle of boys and girls.

"Let me play your game," he begged. "I can run on my crutch."

"Get out! Get out, you little cripple," they cried. "You can't play with us."

He stood there in disbelief for a few minutes amidst their

24-THE BLUE QUILL

trying to provide for the wants of the guests. Benjamin walked timidly up to her and tried to attract her attention by pulling on her skirt.

"Get away from me, child!" she scolded. "I don't have time to play now."

Hurt, Benjamin hopped slowly away. For the first time in his life his mother was too busy for him. He would have started crying again over this sad state of affairs, but his attention was attracted by a couple at the gate of the inn. The man had a tired, worried look on his face as he earnestly talked to the sweet-looking young woman seated on the donkey. In contrast, her face was calm and serene. Benjamin thought she was more beautiful than anyone he had ever seen. When his father went to the gate to talk to them, the little boy followed.

"What can I do for you, sir?" Benjamin's father asked the man.

"We are from Nazareth. I am Joseph and this is my wife, Mary," replied the traveler. "We are looking for a place to stay tonight."

"I am sorry," said the innkeeper, "but there is not another room in the entire inn."

"But, sir," pleaded Joseph, "my wife is about to have a baby child, and we must have shelter for the night."

"I am sorry," repeated the father. "There is no room."

"Daddy," interrupted Benjamin, "they could stay in the stable."

The innkeeper turned to the anxious man. "My son is right," he said. "We do have a stable. If you would consider staying there, you are welcome to it."

Joseph turned to Mary questioningly, and she nodded. "We shall take it," he said.

"Come, I will show you the way," offered the innkeeper, turning to the little boy who was preparing to follow them,

"Mother, may I go visit the baby, too?" he asked.

"If you want to, Benjamin," she answered, "you may go after breakfast."

Immediately after breakfast Benjamin hobbled down to the little stable. He opened the door, and then he saw that the children had taken this from him, too. Gathered around the mother and child were the boys and girls who had laughed at him so many times. He was about to leave when Mary called him. Slowly he turned back.

"Would you like to see the baby?" asked Mary with a kind smile.

"Yes," gulped Benjamin, and he walked timidly over to the manger which served as a cradle. When he looked at the child, the enchantment of the star returned.

"What is his name?" he asked the mother.

"His name is Jesus," she replied. Then, sensing the desire

M I R A C L E

he said, "Benjamin, you can't come. Go to the house, and I shall be there soon."

That night, as Benjamin lay in his little bed, he was awakened by a bright glow in the heavens. Looking out of his window, he discovered the biggest star he had ever seen. He was amazed at the closeness of it. He watched it for a long time, and its beauty and splendor seemed to fill his heart.

The next morning when he awoke the enchantment of the star was still upon him. His mother came and told him that the sweet woman in the stable had a little baby boy, and this also seemed part of the star's magic. The entire inn seemed to him to be bathed in its glowing splendor. At breakfast the parents talked of how shepherds had come from the neighboring hills to visit the little child and how wise men from an eastern land had followed a star to the stable. Benjamin's heart leaped at this, for he knew it was *his* star they had followed.

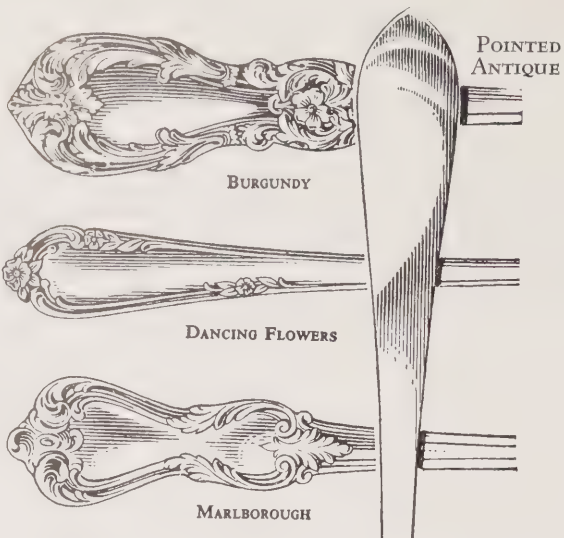
in Benjamin's heart, she said, "Would you like to hold him?"

"Oh, yes," breathed the little boy in an awe-filled voice. He held his arms out, and Mary placed the baby Jesus in them. Benjamin hugged the child close to his heart, and the baby cooed delightedly. At last he relinquished the little Jesus to Mary.

"You children had better go now," suggested Mary. "Jesus is tired and wants to sleep."

The children filed politely out of the stable. Back in the innyard, they gathered around Benjamin and questioned him at length about the baby. The little boy patiently answered their queries, delighted to be the center of attention at last. But the best thing of all was that they asked him to play with them when the subject of the baby was exhausted.

—Sarah Ann Smith



No matter what the season, your world-renowned Reed & Barton sterling silver is the focal point of your entertaining, your everyday dining.

Burgundy	\$36.50	Marlborough	\$31.75
Dancing Flowers.....	\$29.75	Pointed Antique	\$32.50

CLUB AND CHARGE ACCOUNTS

Garibaldi & Bruns

Established 1896

104 S. Tryon Street

THE BARRINGER HOTELS

100% AIR CONDITIONED

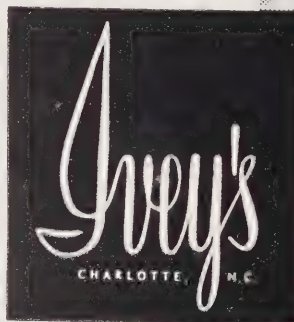


Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.

keep your
eye on



for
significant
fashion news

The Lily

SHIRLY SHIPP

It was midnight. Over the hushed city a stillness of peace reigned. Only a few stars glimmered in the dark sky. Yet in some indefinable way the night seemed different; a strange air of mystery, power, and holiness pervaded the city. Earlier the streets and thoroughfares had been crowded with noisy, jostling throngs of strangers; for the command of Herod had been that each return to his own city to be obedient, and none had dared to disregard the imperial will. Now, however, all had retired to their respective cramped quarters to rest after the exhausting day. The pallid light from the stars overhead revealed deserted lanes with only an occasional lone figure scurrying down a gloomy bypath.

Enos turned from his window. There was nothing in the familiar scene below to capture the interest of an active twelve-year-old boy. He sighed wearily; it had been a tiring day for him. He had not been allowed even an hour to play with his friends in the streets below, but all day long he had been sent on endless errands by his parents. Enos, however, understood the situation; the inns in the city were filled, and in these hard times his parents could not be blamed for attempting to crowd as many guests as possible into their small inn. A few travelers were still straggling into the city at this late hour; he could hear his father's voice below telling the most recent arrivals that the only space left was in the stable.

Enos crawled back into bed, but sleep would not come. His thoughts sleepily wandered. Hush! There was that sound again! He sat up with a start. He could hear people stirring below. His curiosity aroused, Enos slipped out of bed and tiptoed down the stairs, carefully avoiding those treads with the betraying squeaks.

The manger was dark. In one far corner dimly lit by a lantern he could faintly distinguish several figures. His foot caught on a loose board and he tripped, sprawling headlong into the hay. Instantly his mother was by his side.

"Enos! Why aren't you in bed?" Then, without waiting for an answer, "Go on upstairs! In the morning I'll show you a surprise—one of our guests will have a new little baby."

Enos nodded his head in agreement; but the moment that his mother's back was turned, he settled himself comfortably in a nest of straw in a dark corner. A new baby! Who could wait until morning?

The hours passed slowly. All that could be heard were the low voices, an occasional soft moan, and the muffled

stamp of a donkey's hoof. Enos's eyes closed, with a jerk he forced them open, but soon all efforts were in vain. He peacefully slept.

A blinding light struck his eyes. He blinked rapidly and sat up. It was not yet morning, but a golden, diffused radiance filled the shelter, and—most amazing of all—it seemed to come from the face and form of the infant lying close to his mother's breast. Enos's mother was on her knees, and his father was unshamedly crying. The young mother's face was calm, gentle with peace; the tall, bearded man at her side was praising God aloud.

Enos was frightened, filled with an emotion that choked him, a feeling of awe and mystery he did not understand. He turned his gaze from the scene, then gasped again. At his feet in the rough straw there bloomed a lily; yet it was no flower that he had ever seen before. Its creamy petals quivered and trembled; from its golden-stamened throat there came a fresh, sweet scent that filled the room.

Enos reached out his hand to stroke one of the lustrous green leaves. Just as his fingers touched the leaf, however, the lily vanished from his sight as mysteriously as it had appeared. Enos fled from the stable.

Years passed, Enos became a powerful and wealthy merchant, yet he never forgot the lily in the manger. Often he would awake with a start in the middle of the night, shivering with fright and wet with perspiration. It was always that same recurrent dream; the lily would be just beyond his reach, but, despite his wild grasps for it, it always disappeared from his sight. The fear that the dream infused into his mind and being always infuriated Enos, and yet he could not dispel the emotion with a shrug. He never told anyone of these dreams; for some strange reason they seemed to signify a personal failing within himself.

Enos was not a devout Jew by nature, but every year he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem during the Passover season. On this particular trip the dream was in his thoughts again. For some inexplicable reason this time it seemed to him to bear some hidden religious significance. He could not get one passage from the Scriptures out of his mind: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."

The city was filled with crowds as was usual at this time of year, but to Enos the people seemed infuriated, an enraged mob. Everywhere angry curses and shouts were heard.



The Lily (Cont.)

Amazed, Enos turned to the man beside him and asked the cause of the commotion. The man appeared equally surprised that Enos did not know the story, until Enos explained that he was a stranger. Then the man told the tale of the upstart Jew who had made insane claims as to his personal divinity and had aroused the people against themselves. Enos bowed his head soberly. It was a serious crime, to be sure, but the agony of crucifixion was an inhuman punishment for anyone. Now that the man had told him the story, Enos remembered bits and pieces that he himself had heard about the man.

Deep in his thoughts, Enos almost lost his balance as he was jostled and pushed by two men running past him. They appeared to be leaders of the mob and were screaming to the people to spit upon the man and shout curses of revilement as he came by on the way to his death. Enos had meant to escape to some quiet corner until the excitement was over, but it was too late now.

Already he could see the procession winding its way toward him. The crowd was so dense that he barely made out the central figure. As the man came by Enos, it could be seen that he was a tall, bronzed man, striking in appearance and bearing, with an air of regal grace and dignity about him. Now, however, his face was strained and grey with pain, clotted blood surrounded the crown of thorns pressed into his head, and the marks of a recent beating were evident. As he came up the hill, he staggered and almost fell under the burden of the heavy wooden cross he was bearing. An old woman rushed from the crowd to aid him, but he gently brushed aside her efforts and murmured some low words to her which Enos could not distinguish above the yells and jeers of the rabble. As the prisoner passed by, she held her head and wailed aloud in heart-rending tones of grief.

Sickened by the brutish actions of the fierce mob and moved with sympathy for the woman, Enos stepped over and let his strong shoulders protect her from the brunt of the pushing, elbowing mass of people. His thoughts were confused, jumbled. Passages from *Isaiah* came into his mind: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not . . . but he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities . . . He was taken from prison and from judgment . . . for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

The woman was gone by now, and Enos had not heard her tearful mumblings of thanks. He stood in the dust of the road, his eyes on the dark clouds overhead. Suddenly he fell upon his knees and buried his head on the ground, weeping like a child. Something cool, sweet, and fresh brushed his cheek; wondering, he looked up. There before him in the dirt of that rude lane was the lily, a few of its petals faintly

edged with the brown dust, but its throat still dewy and fragrant. Sobbing uncontrollably now, he held the lily in his trembling fingers, and he believed.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The Smartest Thing You Wear Is

Your Hair

MYERS PARK

Beauty Salon



*Completely Air-Cooled
Henri Bendel Preparations Are
Ours Exclusively*

Phone ED 2-5031 Huntley Pl. at Providence Road

Ladies' Apparel



MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road

Christmas With Tommy

Mrs. Rogers stopped before the window of a toy shop and gazed fixedly with tear-filled eyes at an electric train. The throngs of last-minute Christmas shoppers hurried by, but she was oblivious of them. Her thoughts turned back to one bleak October afternoon.

It was Mrs. Rogers' birthday, and she was planning to tell Mrs. Bradley that afternoon. As she started to enter the living room, she heard her two young sons talking.

"Sh-hh!" Bobby said. "She's coming. Now, Tommy, don't give us away 'cause we want this to be a real big surprise to Mommy."

"Aww, don't worry. I know it's a secret," Tommy said. At that moment Mrs. Rogers came into the living room to see what the boys were up to. She was met with complete silence as she entered the room.

"Well, boys, what's all the mystery about?" she asked. "Mother, isn't it about time for you to go over to Mrs. Bradley's?" asked Bobby.

"Yeah, Mom, you'd better hurry or we won't have time. Ouch!" Tommy said as his brother punched him.

Helen, the fourteen-year-old daughter, came running into the house and kissed her mother. "I thought you'd be at Mrs. Bradley's by now, Mother," she said.

"Well, since you children are so insistent upon running away, I guess I'd better go."

"Yeah, Mom," Tommy said. "We really aren't trying to get rid of you, but we've got plans."

Mrs. Rogers laughed to herself as she put on her coat. She never knew what her children would do next, especially Tommy. As she walked out the door, she kissed their upturned faces and said, "Be good, darlings, and don't leave the house."

"I can take care of myself," Tommy answered importantly, then he ran back to join his brother and sister after shutting the door behind his mother.

"Mother will really be surprised about this party. I'll bet she thinks we have forgotten her birthday. Now you kids stay here while I run down to the store and get some ice cream," Helen said.

Tommy jumped up. "Let me go! Let me go! I want to go to make Mama's birthday!"

Helen hesitated for a moment; but, when she saw the slight hope in Tommy's eyes, she nodded her head. "Okay, but be careful." Tommy jumped up and down with glee.

Tommy grabbed his little wool hat and ran out the door, singing in a childish monotone "Happy Birthday." He had been looking forward to this party, and he had even saved up his meager allowance so that he could buy his mother a present. He was so proud of his gift and could think of nothing but how pleased his mother would be when she saw the handkerchief he had bought for her.

Tommy hurriedly took the icecream from the grocer and ran out the door. All the way home he could think only of the pleasure his mother would receive from the party. Tommy had always been taught to be very cautious when crossing the street, but in his excitement he forgot—he heard only the screech of the tires.

Mrs. Rogers was just returning from Mrs. Bradley's when she saw a crowd gathering in front of her house. She knew at once that something dreadful had happened. Her thoughts

turned to the active Tommy. She pushed her way through the crowd and stopped short—it was Tommy! As she gently placed his head on her lap, he smiled up at her and said, "Hey, Mama." Then he closed his eyes forever.

Mrs. Rogers gazed once more at the train which she had planned to give Tommy for Christmas. Then she composed herself and hurried into a near-by department store. She bought Helen a wool scarf and told the salesgirl not to wrap it as a Christmas gift. As she was waiting for her change, a young woman beside her said, "There's no time of the year like Christmas, is there?"

Mrs. Rogers looked at her and answered, "It's not very important to me. I've lost all enthusiasm for it."

The young woman looked at Mrs. Rogers and said, "That's a shame! I think that it's the warmest time of the year. My husband and I always loved Christmas. He's been dead for three years, and every Christmas I feel closer to him than at any other time of the year."

"Why, I would think that you would miss him then more than ever," exclaimed Mrs. Rogers.

"Oh, no, because I know that wherever he is, he'll be with me. That's the way he would want me to feel." Then the woman picked up her packages and wished Mrs. Rogers a Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Rogers was very much aware of the Christmas trees in the windows as she walked home. She entered her own barren and silent home and saw the sober faces of Helen and Bobby as they listened to Christmas carols over the radio.

When Helen saw her mother, she ran to her and said, "Mother, it's just not Christmas this year. Tommy wouldn't have wanted it this way. Oh, Mother, we miss Tommy more than anything, too. He's watching us from heaven, though, and he doesn't want us to go on this way."

Through tear-filled eyes Mrs. Rogers looked at her son and daughter and then ran to them and threw her arms about them. "Mom," Bobby cried, "Tommy would be unhappy if we didn't have a Christmas. He's having his own Christmas in heaven; and, anyway, he'll be with us here, too."

Helen said, "Oh, Mother, ever since Tommy died you've been far away from us. Bobby and I want our mother back. Tommy does, too!"

Now Mrs. Rogers could not keep the tears from coursing down her cheeks. Before she could speak, however, the doorbell rang. She went to the door and saw a little boy about Tommy's age. The child looked up at her with sparkling blue eyes—eyes so like Tommy's own.

"Would—would you like to buy some Christmas decoration, ma'am?" he hesitantly asked.

Mrs. Rogers smiled broadly and threw the door open wide. "Come in, son, and let's see what you've got!"

EFIRDS

Ship'n Shore
*Ivy League Shirt in luxurious
 broadcloth*

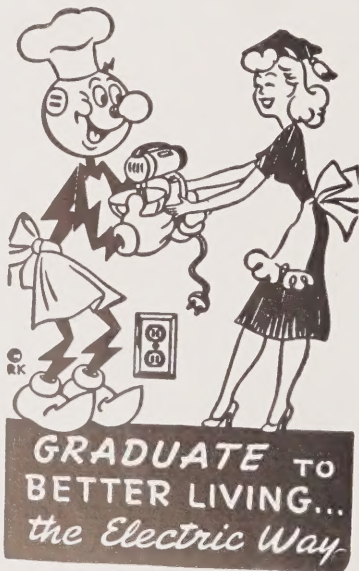
\$2⁹⁵

Ship'n Shore adds the fresh-touch of shortie roll-up sleeves to the beautiful shirt that's getting the big rush! Luxury-fine combed cotton broadcloth . . . wash-wonderful white, pastels, dark tones . . . sizes 28 to 38. Other new styles . . . plaids, stripes, checks!



EFIRDS

SPORSTWEAR . . . SECOND FLOOR OF FASHION



DUKE POWER COMPANY
Serving the Piedmont Carolinas

30-THE BLUE QUILL



Douglas

ENTERPRISES

DOUGLAS FURS

DOUGLAS CLEANERS

DOUGLAS DRESSES

LAUNDRIANA

(Self Service)

Music
 INCORPORATED

(Charlotte's Most Complete Music Center)
 Corner of Elizabeth Ave. & Independence Blvd.

Compliments of

CAROLINA PIPE CO.



FOR—

COSMETICS

PERFUME

STATIONERY

DRUGS

PRESCRIPTIONS

SHOP

ECKERDS DRUG STORE

1025 PROVIDENCE ROAD

first in college fashions



2nd Floor

United States Casualty Company

Southern Department

523 North Tryon Street

Casualty Insurance

Fidelity and Surety Bonds



Reynolds

114A W. 5th St.

Featuring the newest in College Fashions
for the Smart Collegian.

Compliments of

SELWYN HOTEL

